

firm rub between my  
hands before biting  
into its sweet flesh  
and enjoying the  
fuzzy skin too and  
sucking the stone  
until only sticky  
fingers remained so  
i'd toss it into  
the alpha beta  
grocery bag that  
i used for trash  
and go and rinse  
my fingers off.

-- leo mailman

Long Beach, CA

sometimes  
a man must be  
in one place  
long enough  
to plant himself in  
to take root and  
grow  
and know  
where he is

#### San Francisco From a Cable Car

on  
the san francisco cable cars  
i sat next to  
a man and a woman  
who pressed  
their mouths together to keep  
each other from  
the san francisco night

while  
in the corner of the car  
a girl stood with the dark staring  
out of herself  
and for a moment our eyes  
met and i thought  
maybe she was looking for  
san francisco too

but  
just then this guy  
walks right up  
to her and puts his arm around

her and they both laugh  
as the car bumps to  
a stop.

later  
in my room i write  
a postcard to a friend back  
east about the broads out here

'bout how they just can't get enough

Poem For Kenneth Patchen (1911-1972)

you died a simple poet  
on the last page of Time magazine  
and i read it twice thinking  
about the guy who earns  
his living summing  
up people's lives making it  
all sound so easy  
then i go to the bookcase pull  
out a book of your  
poems turning  
each page becomes  
a breath the phone is ringing  
is ringing some guy  
wants to order a pizza  
i tell him i'm busy raising  
a poet from the dead he  
says "shove it pal"  
and hangs up so  
i hang up walking back  
to where i left  
the book is still  
lying spread eagled on the table  
like a corpse i  
notice that it's spine is  
broken next  
to the book is the copy  
of Time with  
howard hughes smiling on  
the cover and  
i wonder when i die if  
they'll put me on  
the back page of Time and  
whose smiling face  
they will choose  
to mark my  
grave

-- Richard Immersi

Bloomington, IN